

THE
NASSAU
LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOLUME XXXVI:

MAY, 1880, TO APRIL, 1881.

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COLLEGE OF NEW JERSEY,
PRINCETON, N. J.
1881.

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No. 1.

ENGLISH LITERATURE AND THE RESTORATION.

When James I. ascended the throne of England the literature of the times was marked by an activity altogether unprecedented. The fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, with their wars at home and abroad, and the general unsettledness of the country, had produced a silencing and discouraging effect upon pure literary effort. But under Elizabeth and James, with the country quiet, the soil peacefully tilled and the fine arts encouraged, literature received a great onward impulse. The state of mental attainment at the time was well adapted to advance the movement. The creative power in the language was just attaining its most perfect development; while the critical faculty had been so far cultivated as to establish some criterion for taste and skill in composition. Writers possessed the glowing imagination of their ancestors, and, in addition, a better knowledge of its proper use

and guidance. This is the ideal state in literature. It lasted in England for a considerable period, but the reign of the first Charles found it threatened with danger.

The earlier literature had suffered from a preponderance of the creative power, or rather a deficiency in the critical or constructive. The thoughts of men lacked the proper means of expression. The result was the rude and imperfect, yet powerful verses of the earlier bards. As time went on, an increase in discernment and taste had a perceptible effect in the better expression of thought; and during the sixteenth century, and especially in the Elizabethan era, it may be said that the two elements were almost exactly in the right proportion. Critical and creative blended harmoniously and influenced each other for the best. Diction supplemented thought; it neither failed it nor overpowered it; it was neither delinquent nor officious.

A change, however, was inevitable. It would have been inevitable in any language at a like stage of advancement. The originative power of a nation is inborn; hence its quantity remains nearly the same at all times, or diminishes only very slowly. It starts at an advantage in the race with the critical power, but the latter, due wholly to progress and experience, makes rapid strides, overtakes and finally passes it. As society becomes more settled, its codes and habits more fixed, thought is forced to run in certain grooves, and struggling vainly for freedom is partially exhausted in the attempt.

Such was now about to be the case in England. The great writers of Elizabeth's time died off one by one, and the works of Spenser and Shakspeare, of Beaumont and Fletcher, of Jonson, Ford and Massinger, took rank as classics and works of art, to rule the taste and form the canons of the following generation. Attention to style and diction supplanted free and unhindered imagination. The thought was buried in the verbiage, or more frequently verbiage was made to do duty for thought.

The so-called metaphysical school of poets arose. Donne and Cowley squandered their academic learning and real poetic talent in the construction of ingenious metaphors and overstrained con-

ceits; "in trying to discover hidden resemblances between ideas the most dissimilar, and in combining, by some violent and compelled association, illustrations and allusions utterly foreign to each other." Other poets took up another branch of the same artificial development, turning their attention to metrical construction and harmony, to which the metaphysical poets paid little heed. Waller and Denham, occupying the province, erred the other way in undue attention to form and structure. Both classes were exercising an injurious effect upon the creative power in the literature. It was restricted. It was kept down. It was embarrassed by the abundant materials of the language, and hampered by the rules and mannerisms which kept those materials from being freely used. Thought had become subservient to its expression. Where Chaucer had formerly sported, Waller and Denham labored; Chaucer wrote carelessly, easily and effectively, Waller studied the construction of every line, and in so doing robbed his thought of half its power. Where Shakspeare had followed his imagination, Donne and Drayton led theirs; Shakspeare expressed the thought his fancy dictated, Donne employed his fancy to twist and distort his thought.

In short, men were too busy composing, to create.

This state of things could not last. The critical faculty, unhindered by passion or disturbance, was still growing. It had given origin to the metaphysical poetry; it now bid fair to outgrow and condemn it.

The stage at this time, that is, subsequent to Shakspeare and Jonson, was in a much better state than the poetry and prose. The imagination here, too, was hindered by the excess of the correcting and refining spirit of the age, but the imagination is not as vital and necessary a feature in the drama as in lyrical and epic poetry. Construction can to a great extent take its place, especially in comedy; and as comedy or tragi-comedy was the favorite of the hour, and the constructive faculty was prominent and powerful, the stage maintained its high position for some time after English poetry proper had deteriorated.

The political element now comes into play. Hitherto we

have been dealing with the literature of a people at peace at home and abroad, and have traced its gradual development. The civil wars put an end to this development for a while. Men of letters turned to the writing of polemical tracts, and plunged into partisan controversy with a fervor that left them little time for pure literary effort. Literature and politics are thus closely related; the former sways to and fro with the oscillations of the latter, depending much upon the civil peace for its prosperity. We are not surprised to find that during the twenty years of internal strife and the banishment of the Stuarts, there is almost a complete interregnum in the domain of English letters. Indeed, literary effort, at least in the most popular branch, the theatre, was quite forbidden. The cold and stern influence of Puritanism made itself felt. Already it had affected the poetry of the time, perhaps for the better; with the ascendancy of the Protectorate it proceeded to crush the theatres. Dramatic representations were forbidden by law. The theatres were closed, and authors did not care to write without the incentive of an immediate presentation of their plays. The drama suffered by the check, as we shall see; and the repression of the theatres had the effect of damming up a mass of filth and unwholesomeness which else might have been carried away almost unnoticed, but was now sure at some future time to burst forth in a torrent.

The literary barrenness of the times was not, however, due solely to Royalist longings or to the adverse influence of Puritanism. We may attribute it in part to the importance and instability of political issues. Had Cromwell lived long enough to firmly establish his power and ensure to the country safety and quiet, the iron rule of repression would have been relaxed and literary activity once more encouraged and manifested. It would have been of a different character, no doubt,—sterner, harsher, purer than it really became; but Puritan or Royalist, it was waiting for peace, not for the result of party issues.

The Restoration of the Stuarts brought over Charles II. from France, and with him the manners and tastes of the French court. The French court of the day was corrupt and dissolute

to the last degree; and its license was imitated by the court of Charles. The Restoration opened the theatres; the young king not only allowed but encouraged impurity in the drama; and the torrent pent up by the ill-advised edicts of the Protectorate now burst freely forth. The poetry, consisting, at the time, chiefly of sonnets and scrap verses, was deeply stained. The prose was marked by the broadest license. The drama suffered most. Comedy, the river-bed best fitted for such a stream, degenerated rapidly in the midst of its popularity; tragedy, suffering from an importation of French and Spanish manners, became pompous and bombastic; while the tragi-comedy united the worst elements of each, and added to them by the incongruity of the combination.

The torrent at length spent its force. A milder flow ensued. The violent reaction against Puritan prudery could not last, and manners and writings gradually lost this rancid infusion of immorality. A change, however, took place in the character of the literature. We saw it under Charles I., with Puritanic and national tendencies, comparatively *chaste*, and with skill and care in construction predominating over original genius. We find it under Charles II. just recovering from repression and subsequent license—each harmful in effects—strongly anti-Puritan, vitiated by French and Spanish importations, and with yet greater predominance of the elaborative over the origination power.

The man who most influenced the character of English literature after the Restoration was undoubtedly John Dryden. He had atoned for his Cromwellian sympathies by writing a short poem to celebrate the return of Charles, and had applied himself vigorously to other literary work. He wrote three plays before the Plague and the Great Fire closed the London theatres in 1666; and upon their re-opening, in the year following, several other comedies, tragedies, and tragi-comedies came from his pen. In 1668 he was appointed Poet Laureate to succeed Davenant. This office he held until his death. Recognized soon as the first playwright of the age, and with no greater writer to dispute his ascendancy, he became, by his varied and volum-

inous literary work, the head and front of the literature of the time. It is easy to see that a man in this position, and with a considerable reputation, must have largely influenced the general character of contemporaneous writing. He in turn was led by the popular taste. He gave his hand to comedies or tragedies, poems or proems, verse or prose, according as either was in favor at the moment. The nature as well as the kind of his writings followed the fashion; and hence from his works alone could be drawn a very fair estimate of the literature of the Restoration.

As a reasoner in verse, John Dryden excelled. As a skillful constructor, as a ready and able versifier, a writer sufficiently careful in the niceties of the art, and tactful in accommodating his productions to the popular taste, he deserved and gained a lasting reputation. In the power of original creation, however, he and contemporaneous writers were greatly deficient; and they eked out their scanty supply by extra attention not so much to the metre as to form and subtlety of expression. Dryden's plays gleam with antitheses and dexterous turns of thought; avoiding the unnatural metaphors of Donne and Cowley, yet lacking the rich abundance of Shakspeare. Convention debarred him from imitating the latter and warned him against following the former. It is to the credit of his good sense that especially in his later works he struck a judicious mean, in keeping with his abilities.

The literature of the Restoration, though changed in matter, displays about the same form we should look for. Principles of taste are gradually accumulating. The science of criticism is making progress. The innate power of conception and creation remains about the same, but awed and repressed by the restrictions and requirements of the language. The power thus hindered turns to the hindrances, and spends its force in trying to remove them. Form supersedes imagination; exact scientific thought advances and formulates the language; genius can no longer work free and untrammelled.

It is not the place here to trace the further growth of the critical faculty; it finally arrives at that stage where it can guide

and correct the creative power without hampering it. Art is then able to conceal the art. The imagination becomes more refined and polished, and, like a diamond, loses weight in the polishing. Such is, no doubt, the tendency of the literature of today; but it was far from being the case in the seventeenth century. Dryden, Otway, Wycherley, Lee, Crowne and Settle were impeded in their efforts at original creation by the demand for mere form and expression. Indeed, it is to be questioned whether they ever attempted the one when the other was as profitable, and, for their mental calibre, far the easier.

We may deem obtrusive the art with which the writers of the Restoration expressed their ideas; we may condemn the looseness and impurity of their writings; we may deplore the false standard of the time which exalted form above matter and gave the place of honor to immorality and vice; but considering the natural reaction from Puritanic primness, and the relations of criticism to creativeness which then obtained in the literature, it is only just to accord to Dryden, if not to his contemporaries, the praise of having "acted well his part," according to the light of the times.

THE DUAL LIFE.

Many men go through life cruelly misjudged, because one-half of their life, and that, too, the more important half, is hidden from sight. It is subjective. The mind's eye (though why we should speak of the mind as having *one* and not *many* eyes, I never could imagine) is, by a painful habit of introspection, continually turned inward. We are accustomed to speak of men thus affected (perhaps it would be better to say afflicted), as self-conscious. Painfully self-conscious we usually say, since all of us possess the quality to a greater or less extent.

Now the self-conscious man need not necessarily be conscientious. Mentor may have had a shockingly bad education in practical ethics, and then, of course, Persona will make this manifest.

But perhaps it would be no more than fair to let the reader have a glimpse into my way of looking into the matter. If in the course of my remarks I forget myself and run into a confession, this is *in nominis umbra*, you know, and no harm is done. In return, you, the kind reader, are to forgive me for such a heathenish mixture as the one hinted at. That elegant gentleman, Mentor, should have his Ulysses, instead of being compelled to consort with this stiff, dough-faced Roman Persona, but I doubt not they will get along as well and make as fine an appearance as many of the couples who walk amongst us in one suit of clothes, or cast one undivided vote and pay tax on one poll.

You remember that funny little sketch the Autocrat draws for us of the three men who go by the name of John. Now you may believe the genial old fellow in regard to that ridiculous triunity, or you may—think as I do about it; but in Mentor and Persona you must believe, if you have ever turned your mind to the proper study of mankind.

Mentor has a habit of telling poor Persona what to do, and then criticising him for not doing it better. Mentor sits upon the fence while Persona works, and then exposes all the faults of the job. Do what he may, Persona is but a poor slave in the hands of his master, but a faithful one withal, who would not intentionally do anything improper. Mentor has a way of telling him that people are saying all sorts of queer things about this or that blunder, while the great, big, blind world outside has not even noticed that Persona did anything at all. Persona feels the chains of his servitude, and longs to cast them off. He knows that if he will only rebel in earnest, the old Tyrant won't hold out against him; and yet the poor fellow doesn't start. Occasionally there is a slight misunderstanding, however, and then the strangest things happen, and we hardly know who is head of the concern, Persona or Mentor.

Things are getting worse and worse. He can hardly do anything now without being lectured for hours on the different ways in which it might have been done. If Mentor were perfectly

truthful the case would not be so bad ; but the worst of it is, he will tell lies. So, on the whole, Persona led a hard life of it.

Now, my reader, if any one has been so persevering as to follow me thus far, you will certainly do me the honor to say that of course you understand Mentor to be that morbid fear of opinion, that brooding, prying, self-examining, and hypercritical spirit, always posturing for effect and looking in the glass at the same time. And Persona means your free-born, ingenious spirit who doesn't get half an opportunity to display himself. Since you have guessed it all so nicely, I need only say, if you are dual in number, get rid of Mentor. Starve him out or burn him out, as best you can. Be *simplex* in the best sense of the word.

HAWTHORNE.

To the careless observer the time of the Puritans in New England would seem to present a barren field for the novelist. Religious fanaticism and a state of society marked by a soberness or even sombreness that is almost chilling, are not the themes that tempt most writers of fiction. And yet that was a period which was in some of its aspects exceedingly picturesque. The implanting of the civilization of the Old World, with its stateliness and courtly manners, upon the virgin soil of the New, where, but a few years before, the silence of the primeval forest had only been broken by the cry of the savage or the howl of the wild beast, involved elements of incongruity that gave rise to the most striking scenes.

Not only does this external picturesqueness give an interest to the time, but the mental and moral tone of society, entirely without parallel, possesses a charm, not only for the thoughtful student of history, but also for the novelist who would touch the deeper notes of human life. He who would interpret this period to the world must be thoroughly in sympathy with it ; he must be able to appreciate the feeling with which the Puritan

regarded life; and must have a poet's eye and sympathies to detect the subtle springs of human thought and action. For those early days of New England had none of that factitious importance which belongs to the glitter and pageantry of courts, but were characterized by a sober and quiet social life, and by a certain formality and restraint, beneath which lay the true life of the people—the inner life.

It is this period that Hawthorne has illumined with the light of that genius which refined and ennobled whatever it touched.

Hawthorne was peculiarly fitted for this office. Born in an old New England town which was haunted by the memory of witchcraft and overshadowed by deeds of cruelty and dark superstition, he grew up with an interest in the past that gave a new impulse to his naturally imaginative mind. When quite young he went to live in Maine, and afterward graduated at Bowdoin College, in a class whose roll contains many honored names. After leaving College, he lived in quiet and retirement at the old home in Salem, and, already recognizing his mission, spent his time in thought and writing. During this period his powers matured and developed, and when later he was called to the editorship of a Boston paper, he was ready for the work that lay before him.

When at College, Hawthorne was by no means brilliant as a student, nor yet was he the pale, hollow-eyed dreamer that some seem to imagine. A dreamer he certainly was, and a dreamer of such dreams as we love to recall; but yet healthy, handsome, athletic, in no danger of having his dreams made melancholy by an imperfect digestion. Among those of his fellow-students who knew him he had many warm friends who clung to him throughout life; but though very generally liked, he was not what we would call popular, owing to a certain shyness and sensitiveness which had marked him when a child, and which he retained throughout life.

Hawthorne seems, by a kind of prophetic insight, to have foreseen what his abilities were, and with a rare fidelity to have followed the leadings of his nature.

Of all his writings none are more characteristic than "The House of the Seven Gables." It exhibits, in a high degree, the peculiarities of its author, who himself regarded it as his most artistic work, except, perhaps the "Marble Faun"; but as the latter is rather an exception to the rule of this writer, having, as it does, a foreign atmosphere, it may be better to study the author in his earlier work.

The general effect which this romance produces upon the mind is the same as that which would be caused by coming, in the deep twilight, upon such a mysterious old manor as the House of the Seven Gables itself. The memories of forgotten years that cluster around the decaying mansion, the moss-grown steps, and, perhaps, the gaily blooming flowers that have long ago forgotten who planted them, all seen with the indistinct outlines of dusky evening, may well remind one of the deep shadows, the air of antiquity, and the mysterious atmosphere that pervades the whole story.

Judge Pyncheon, stern, selfish, and unrelenting, with the memory of injustice hanging over him, is the representative of a past full of sin and wrong. And Hepsibah seems more a relic of the grey past than a figure of the present. She is no longer what she was; she too feels the oppressive presence of that inexorable Nemesis which pursues evil, and whose shadow falls alike on all connected, both innocent and guilty. Like the fresh flowers blooming to brighten and cheer all around is the light-hearted young girl Phœbe. She is of the present and feels the vigor of new life. Not burdened by the past, she looks hopefully forward, and even now is bathed in the ruddy glow that marks the dawning of a bright future. Thus she shone in upon the poor darkened soul of Clifford as the harbinger of the infinite mercy. Into the bitterest lot comes some ray of sunshine, gift of the all-pitiful Father.

If we regard Judge Pyncheon as the *subjective* representative of the boding evil of the past, we may also think of Clifford as its *objective* emblem. The victim of a great wrong, he teaches us this truth, the key-note of the whole allegory: that so closely

drawn are the ties of humanity which bind us together, that just as surely as the good which a man does lives after him, just so surely does his sin continue to work long after he may have been forgiven.

Clifford is himself an exquisite study, a conception peculiarly Hawthorne's own. A nature so refined in its instincts, so eagerly and richly appreciative of the beautiful, and yet possessing so little steadfastness, so gifted and yet so weak, is treated by Hawthorne with a charity and sympathy that are characteristic. Where many would see nothing but what calls for censure, he recognizes the truth that many a man falls not from cowardice, but because his armor is wholly inadequate for the strife; his delicate and finely-polished weapons are broken or bent and fail him at his utmost need, while others, with coats of mail and sturdy swords, come off victors with half the effort. That men like Clifford should be thrown into circumstances where their very gifts become so many scorpion's stings to drive them mad, is one of the things in life hard to be understood.

There are in the story many touches of pathos. The griefs of Miss Hepsibah and trials of her pride are exposed in their insignificance, and yet are treated so kindly and considerately that we cannot but feel a sympathy for the lady so rudely used by the world. He writes of her in the true spirit of chivalry, almost as though he feared to hurt her feelings. And then the flight of Hepsibah and Clifford—is there anything more touching than that brief sketch?

As an author, Hawthorne possessed great originality; he thought in a rich, broad manner, entirely unselfish; and he appreciated, to an unusual degree, the brotherhood of man.

Almost all his works are allegorical, having a meaning more or less concealed; and although they are not distinctively religious, their significance and teachings are moral and elevating. The morality is that of a man who has watched the strifes and trials of men, their sins and inconsistencies, and looking far into the underlying realities, sees the possibilities and sources of failure in our weak nature, and has, with a kindly sympathy, sought

to warn from sin and teach a better philosophy than that of selfishness.

The writings of Hawthorne excel in the clearness and beauty of their expression. The clear, melodious flow of his sentences is such as even Irving can scarcely excel; and not only are they smooth and pleasant to the ear, but abounding in beautiful conceits of language, words apt and striking. Yet with all his polish, we still are not drawn away from the thought to the mere expression. It is not the pleasant trickle of a mountain rill, but the marvelous music of a master, that, with the rise and fall of its rich harmonies, brings to the heart of the listener thoughts and feelings before unknown.

There is always with Hawthorne an undercurrent of deep feeling which at times finds its expression in touches of true pathos. Never is the current of his thought shallow or simply beautiful; the surface may sparkle, but there are depths below. He has the rare gift of throwing a veil over whatever he may be describing, so as to soften the outlines and mellow the tints until the whole is scarcely recognizable as of our commonplace world. Often he is very forcible, though this is not his predominating trait. Some of his writings, the "*Scarlet Letter*," for instance, produce a most indelible impression. The fearful truth, oft repeated yet never emphasized too much, that the "wages of sin is death," and the terrible influence of deceit—these give force to the allegory.

Led by his native genius, Hawthorne has given us sketches of a phase of life never before adequately represented, rarely touched upon, and of great interest; interesting by its connection with our early history as a people, and as a time when religious thought was a stirring, animating principle, and when men were still under the pressure of those stern doctrines which had led them to leave the dear associations of England for the bleak shores of New England; and though others may have excelled him in humor or in force of style, no one holds a dearer place in the hearts of his countrymen.

THE MEGALOBAREPHERON.

"What! not heerd about Reuben Wheeler? and it's a hull week sence you come back! Why, it was all over the neighborhood six months ago. Ef you'd been here then, Mis' Colt, you'd a heerd it talked about some, I reckon. But folks do forgit things wonderful quick; as soon as they hear one thing they go on to another, and never think to remember the fust. That there story about Rube Wheeler—well, it was the talk of the town last fall; and here's you a week returned from Eurup, and don't know of it yit!

"Ye've seen that new machine fur liftin', down to Dale's cotton factory, at the creek? Haven't? Well, I can't tell you much about it, only there's a long beam lyin' along the ground, balanced on a—what d'ye call it?—a—*pivot*—that's the word; balanced on a pivot near one end. At the short end there's six or seven heavy weights that can slide up and down along the pole, ye see, as far as the pivot. Then there's a hole in the ground under the short end. They hook a bale of cotton, say, on to the long end, and slide the weights along by machinery from the pivot to the short end; and that end goes down and the rest of the pole goes up, ye see, and carries the load to the second story. Then they take it off and pull some of the weights up towards the pivot until the beam comes down agin. Mr. Dale he says it's a splendid thing fur his place and jist what he wanted. They've got one down to Pearson's saw-mill too.

"Well, Mis' Colt, it was Reuben Wheeler that got that machine up. And that's what I'm goin' to tell ye about. You know, when you left here, more'n a year ago—I declare it don't seem so long—Rube was keepin' company with Ruth Dale, Mr. Dale's daughter that's the owner of the factory. Mr. Dale he's proud, and didn't want to marry his daughter to a poor man; and Rube, ye know—well, Rube didn't git much money from his father, and he never hed no chance to make none, 'cept a prize at College fur a drawin' of an engine. He didn't go to work when

he come back from College, though I never knew exactly why, fur Rube can work when he's a mind to. Anyway, he used to spend his time over maps and drawin's and books, and hangin' 'round Ruth considerable.

"Bimeby he plucked up heart and spoke to Mr. Dale about gittin' married; he'd settled it with Ruth long before, she told me afterwards. Well, Mr. Dale he didn't like the notion at all; he was purse-proud some, I reckon, and he thought a good deal of his own success, ye know, and that others ought to do as well.

"'What can you do for yourself, Mr. Wheeler?' sez he; 'have you got any trade or profession, or any money to set up housekeeping?' sez he.

"And Rube told him he had a knowledge of civil engineerin' and a little money of his father's, he said, and the old home to live in with Aunt Rhody. And he said he hoped to git up an invention or somethin' pretty soon—and then Mr. Dale says:

"'Can you live on hope, sir?' sez he, kind o' sharp. 'I want my daughter to marry a practical man when she marries,' sez he. 'If you want to invent, do it before you get married. Invent something, for instance,' sez he, 'that I can use for my factory; some affair, say, for lifting cotton without having to hoist it by machinery,' sez he. 'That's just what I've been wanting. Do something like that, sir,' sez Mr. Dale, '—something that can be used, and that you can make money off of, and I will see about your having Ruth.'

"Well, Rube he went off real downhearted at fust; he was kind o' sensitive, ye know, and didn't take kindly to rebuffs. But pretty soon he sot to thinkin', and I seen him goin' off by himself into the woods; and then he'd come back and go to drawin' figgers and cipherin'.

"Things went on, and Rube didn't see Ruth very often fur a while. But they hed an understandin' between 'em all the time. One day Rube walked over to the factory with Ruth, and asked Mr. Dale to go out with them into the woods a bit and they would show him somethin'. So he took his hat and they all

went out into Winter's grove, down by the pond. Ruth, ye know, told me all about it afterwards; sez she, kind o' trusting, 'Miss Cherry, I always like to confide in you, because you will never tell what I tell you.' No more I do, neither, Mis' Colt, 'cept to you and one or two other partic'ler friends. Well, as I was sayin'; pretty soon they came to an old maple tree, quite large, a-lyin' on the ground, blown over by a storm, I s'pose. There was a great big pile of roots and earth stickin' to the end of the trunk, and a big hole in the ground where it had come out. Reuben he proposed to stop a while and rest, as he hed to cut some wood fur somethin', and so Mr. Dale he sat down on the end of the trunk next to the branches, never suspectin' nothing, ye know, from them two young people. Then Rube took an axe he had there, and began, careless like, to cut into the trunk clus to the branches, near to where Mr. Dale sat, but on the other side of him from the roots. It was a good deal cut into there already. Well, they were talkin' and he a-cuttin', and all at onct he gave one big chop, and the hull head of branches broke off, and the weight of the roots settled back and pulled the rest of the tree up almost straight—and *Mr. Dale with it!* Ye see, he was settin' there, unconscious like, chattin' away (he was a sociable sort of a man, ye know), and the big roots was too heavy fur the rest of the trunk, and the fust thing he knew he was up in the air, a-perchin' on two little branches that stuck out from the trunk.

"Well, it was the funniest sight you ever saw! Ruth told me Rube didn't mean to h'ist her father up, and was only goin' to show him how the tree worked; but when he saw him settin' there, the temptation was too strong, and he jist didn't ask him to git off, that was all.

"Mr. Dale wasn't a bit frightened. He was safe enough up there, ye see, only he couldn't git down, fur he couldn't climb, and the tree was too steep to slide, and there wa'n't a rope nor ladder nearer than the village. So he asked Rube how he was going to get him down now he had put him up there so nice. Reuben he wouldn't explain or do anything for a while, and

they talked around, until the old man hed to come to terms and said he was satisfied, and kind o' half consented to let him have his daughter. And I guess Ruth didn't want to interfere in behalf of her father that time. So Mr. Dale he came 'round after awhile.

"Then Rube went to work and began to chop off the *roots* of the tree, little by little; and as the tree hadn't stood up straight but slanted some, it slowly settled down agin till the roots were enough off to let it 'way down to the ground. Mr. Dale was mighty glad, I guess, to git on terry firma agin. But he wasn't mad at Rube a bit; seemed to enjoy it, ye see. Then Rube he explained his idea about workin' the tree and puttin' it to use; and Mr. Dale liked it so much he hed a beam fixed the very next week at the factory, and has used it ever sence.

"And Rube and Ruth? Well, Rube he got a patent on that and somethin' else of his and made some money, and the last we heerd of him and his wife they were travelin' in Germany, and Ruth wrote home: 'Every tree I see reminds me of that old maple down at the pond, which I shall bless as long as I live, if it did run away with my father.'"

THE ITALIAN OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

There is an attribute of the human soul, and we will not say that it is not as noble as any we possess, which impels our lives in the line of truth and honor, which quickens the most feeble impulse into a living principle, and which in fine, seems to be the voice of the Divinity, gentle, yet mighty. It was the power that maddened Savonarola, stirred Luther into active life, burst the cerements of human reason which had lain buried beneath the doubt and superstition of the centuries, and bade it "come forth" on the morning of the reformation. In fact the influence of conscience has been such an undeniable factor in all the revolutions, social, moral, political, which have brought about benign results,

that we are wont to believe it is indissolubly connected with all intellectual advancement. The principle of such a belief utterly fails when we attempt to apply it to the development of the Italian mind of the sixteenth century.

There seems to be an absence of this element and of all its ramifications, not only in the private citizen, but in the great leaders of that pervasive and widespread revolution of thought which characterized Italy at this period. Let us glance for a moment at the status of affairs. The barren wastes of intellect which had stretched across the ages were being turned into fruitful gardens. The nine muses were pouring out the gifts of old Ionian days. The arts were revived, and the models of Grecian sculpture were eagerly lifted out of the dust and rubbish which had collected about them since the days of Phidias. Poets were mingling their voices in a harmony so divine that it seemed as though the strains of Homer, Sappho and Virgil had been wafted across the centuries. With what pleasure we gaze on the beautiful, the fair and glorious Florence, which nourished and matured Politian, Michael Angelo and Lorenzo.

But alas for the wit, the learning and the genius. A time was not far distant when all these must die, and slaughter, famine, beggary and despair would be spread throughout the land.

They had not taken root in the deep subsoil of the Italian's conscience. The religious part of his nature was as torpid as that of the unregenerate barbarian. The Church had thrown off all pretence to priestly holiness, and was politically the most tyrannical and the most immoral of despotisms. Yet we are confronted with characters that played a most important rôle in the political and priestly drama of the sixteenth century, who combined with all their gross and grotesque traits a rare excellence of character which approaches even the ethical standard of our own day. There is nothing in modern history that seems so paradoxical, so inexplicable, as this strange assemblage of incongruous qualities, selfishness and generosity, cruelty and benevolence, craft and simplicity, villainy and heroism. Machiavelli seems to be a collection of contradictions, a phantom as mon-

strous as the fortress of hell in Milton, all glorious without, all poisonous within. We must not, however, condemn this man. We must consider the age in which he lived. To-day habits of hypocrisy and craft and falsehood mark a man as utterly depraved. But we would be obliged to expunge some of the most famous and praiseworthy characters of Italy from her history if we pass that same judgment upon an Italian of the sixteenth century. He possessed these habits, and yet we cannot but admire his disinterestedness. Two characters, with no community of tastes, are united in him.

There is one other character that appears to us to be a fair type of that period. We refer to Caesar, the most terrible of the Borgias. He has the broad, reflective mind of Hamlet, the bold, intrepid spirit of Othello, and yet all this is but a mask behind which there lurks a terrible character. Behind him lies the dark back-ground of the Roman Church. He is a moral phenomenon, as he stands outside of all laws and becomes the agent of the most atrocious crimes while maintaining the serenity of a saint.

He was promoted to the chair of Cardinal, but his insatiable ambition burned within him for the establishment of a throne in mid-Italy. The throne of Naples was the all-absorbing thought of his mind. Its glittering diadem, its brilliant court, its patronage of the arts and letters, fell as the music of the sirens upon his soul. They captivated his senses, drowned his moral powers, and lured him on to the throne, though his every step was a thrust at a human life. Yet this man was Cardinal of Rome.

It would seem that the vindictive hand of heaven would have smitten with a dreadful curse such a paradox of faith, such a satire on humanity.

Nevertheless, he was the embodiment of the Italian *Renaissance*. It was a time when such a character was possible, yea actual, for beneath the gleaming garniture of the Roman Church a canker worm was eating her very vitals, and the native hue of truth, piety and holiness was sicklied o'er by the pale cast of crime, superstition and materialism.

Iago has an archetype in history. In this very conception, Shakspeare does not exaggerate the character of the Italian. We admire Othello, despite his crimes. His open manliness, his unsuspecting confidence, ever lend a charm to the English reader. We fancy that the Italian would have condemned him, but they would have respected the wit of Iago. His clearness of judgment, his keen insight into the dispositions of others, would have won their esteem.

We can arrive at no just appreciation of the personages who figured in this portion of history without observing how powerfully circumstances influence the feelings and opinions of men. It would be as impossible to detach the Italian of the *Renaissance* from the history of his times, as to think of Castor without Pollux or Romeo without Juliet. He was, in fact, the evolution of the age which had for the last five centuries encrusted state officials and ecclesiastical dignitaries with hypocrisy and crime, and in which the keys of the church had been used to abrogate the most sacred engagements. He had seen the possibility of uniting two entirely different traits in one man. Too many times he had seen the calm and sober reflection of his friend to be but the lava crust above the consuming fires of a slumbering volcano. He had seen alas, too often to be duped, the sunny smile of earnest pretensions to be but the reflected light of an ice-covered stream, whose current sweeps on beneath in its unchecked and resistless flow. He was the creature of such surroundings, and in his childish awe and reverence he had become unconsciously charmed until that same strange duplicity, that same anomalous development had become the brand of his nature, the goal of his highest and most grasping ambition.

How graphically Macaulay describes the character of the Italian statesman. "With him," he says, "the most honorable means are the surest, the speediest and the darkest. He cannot comprehend how a man should scruple to deceive him whom he does not scruple to destroy. He would think it madness to declare open hostilities against a rival which he might stab in a friendly embrace, or poison in a consecrated wafer. Yet this

man, black with the vices which we consider most loathsome—traitor, hypocrite, coward, assassin—was by no means destitute even of those virtues which we generally consider as indicating superior elevation of character. In civil courage, in perseverance, in presence of mind, these barbarous warriors, who were foremost in the battle or the breach, were far his inferiors. Even the dangers which he avoided with a caution almost pusillanimous never confused his perceptions, never paralyzed his inventive faculties, never wrung out one secret from his ready tongue and his inscrutable brow."

Confronted by characters of such a type, we are bound to a conviction which, in an age of higher and purer ethics, is most unwelcome. That conviction is, that in the character of the Italian of this period, vice frequently passed into virtue. The passions which so often convulsed his soul were, perhaps, but fleeting and transitory. We must distinguish these from what was essential and eternal.

THE IMAGINATION OF MOUNTJOY.

On first perusal one might think that Irving's exquisite sketch of Mountjoy was written merely to please. But a rich vein of thought underlies its external attractiveness. Its theme is the portrayal of the development and issues of an overwrought imagination; its subject, the high-spirited, enthusiastic, visionary, susceptible Mountjoy. He is not an ordinary character. Irving's object is to show the workings of imagination and its effects on the mind. During the recital of the story he introduces, one after another, those natural scenes for which his pen is justly famous. The reader follows eagerly the thread, almost unconsciously gliding from scene to scene until they vanish in a gold-edged cloud, leaving him to fancy what lies behind.

First come childish fantasies. Childhood's life is but a dream with every mortal. Mountjoy's was a series of visions in a

dream. What a world of life does he find in his nursery tales! He moulds familiar objects into new forms and clothes them in gorgeous dress; endues them with magic powers, and bows beneath their sway. Day and sunshine is a joyful dream filled with fairies, elves, and sprites dancing to nature's music. Night and solitude bring with them a host of horrid fiends and grinning spectres holding high carnival, to the terror of his little soul. He lives not on earth, but in spirit-land. He cannot break the spell of the enchantment. Time alone can do that.

With youth imagination has reached the very crisis of its development, when budding powers give wider scope to its vagaries and stimulate its action. Life has been so far real to him as to sweep away the old chimeras. His heart is stout. Phantoms are no longer real or terrible. But these have only made room for others more deeply rooted in the mind. With imagination enthusiasm has also developed, for the two are twin sisters.

The classics are his first companions. They crowd his mind with an endless train of mythical beings and exploits. The subtle charm of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* steepes his soul in idle reveries, and, while it delights, poisons him. But imagination's fantasies are transient. Soon Mountjoy soars away into the vaster realm of metaphysical speculation. From this sublime height he looks with disdain on the petty world below, despises the acts and thoughts of mere humanity, contemns their emotions as puerile.

But this wild flight is as shortlived as his childhood's fancies. Carried by imagination beyond the confines of reality, like foolish Phaethon, he is unable to govern his fiery steeds, and pierced to the heart by Cupid's bolt—not Jove's—falls headlong to the earth. Where, now, are his lofty speculations? Victim of the tender passion, he is sighing like a furnace. Over what, forsooth? What but a dainty footprint by a brook which murmurs through one of his sylvan haunts. Round that faint vestige of beauty his vivid imagination clusters a thousand hopes. He pictures her tall, graceful, soft-voiced, blue-eyed—the very ideal of the poet. He raises her to a pedestal and worships her

image. But, alas! when he meets her, reality shatters his glorified idol into a thousand fragments. Is love blasted? No, merely transferred. Imagination's fancies are as ephemeral in the one case as they are captivating in the other. They raise the reality to the pedestal vacated by his first fancy, and love is as ardent as before. But there *is* a reaction. The ball that strikes the ground rebounds. So his imagination rises aloft once more, and he divides his worship at the shrines of Metaphysics and the Muses. He cannot exist in the atmosphere of her simplicity and ignorance. He will live in other spheres and will strive to raise her to his level. Meanwhile, fancy throws about his head a halo of his own worth. He descants with burning lips on what he knows, and exalts self to a celestial height that she, alas, can never reach—grown beyond the control of his reason and unhinging his judgment. Even his love yielded to its overmastering power. He was its dupe. It told him he knew all, whereas he knew nothing. It clothed him in purple and fine linen and seated him on a throne, when reality pointed to his rags.

But the bubble of his conceit bursts at last. He sees how false was his estimate of his abilities. Crushed and humiliated by the sudden discovery of superior knowledge in her whom he looked at as beneath him, he falls, like Lucifer, under the weight of his overwrought pride.

The reaction must have been terrible. The loss of self-conceit to weak men is a loss of all hope. But Mountjoy rises above his humiliation. He sees himself in his true character, and, renouncing former follies, turns to a sober-sense view of things. Experience chastens, not crushes him; it revises his views of humanity, strengthens his resolutions, and fits him for the actual battles of life. It was a severe revulsion, but owing to his naturally strong, though hitherto unbalanced mind, it did not prove fatal.

Not without an aim have we traced so carefully the working and development of Mountjoy's imagination. We have seen it in his infancy, intensifying pleasure and pain; we have seen it in

youth, wandering in a wider sphere and dragging the enslaved mind relentlessly in its course; and we have seen it on the verge of manhood awakening his deepest sensibilities to ecstasy over a fleeting image, first delighting, then taunting him, and at last fading away forever, leaving to him the far dearer realities of life to soothe his anguish.

VOICES.

WE see fellows in College of every size and shape. There are little men and big men, and men of all intermediate grades. There are long, short, broad, and narrow men; there are long broad men, there are long narrow men, short broad men and short narrow men—in fact, there are kinds innumerable. Well, what of it? One knows very little about College life if he supposes that all this makes no difference. One man is popular simply because he is big, and another is popular because he is little. We always instinctively count a fellow's shape and size as an important factor in making our estimate of him. This is natural and reasonable; but there is another factor, much more complex, which we are apt to overlook. If we could only see men's minds walking around, instead of their bodies, how many corrections we would have to make in these estimates of ours. Minds would present greater diversity in appearance than bodies do. How many lame minds we would see hobbling about the campus! Some would be unable to walk at all. Others would appear almost blind. Some would be so narrow! Yes, narrower than the slimmest body in College. Here and there we would see a ponderous two-hundred-pounder, and then some quick athletic mind would run past us like the wind, while some puny little fellow looked at him half wondering, and sadly envying. We would see some always active and restless; others fat and lazy, lying carelessly about. Some would show plainly the effects of dissipation; others would look as if they had never seen a sick day.

Now just imagine these bodies and minds going about side by side. What queer couples some of them make. Here we see two that match pretty well and get along nicely; but see that big fellow with that narrow, mean-looking mind; and that great strapping mind looks able to protect its little body pretty well, as indeed it does. But stranger than all, a few bodies don't seem to have any mind companions at all. Yes, it is a fact, some of the minds are *minus*. If we take this factor into account, what an immense difference it will make.

$$+ \text{ body } \times - \text{ mind } = - \text{ man.}$$

It would seem better if such men were — body also, for the product of two negative quantities is positive, which proves that such men's room would be better than their presence.

We don't pay nearly enough attention to this most complex and important factor. We ought to consider fellows' minds more, in our estimates of them, and we ought to give more attention to the real cultivation of our own minds. We don't give too much importance to the body factor, but we give too little to the mind factor. We don't spend any too much time in athletic sports and physical exercise, but we don't spend enough in mental exercise. *Mens sana in sano corpore*, is the formula we should strive to attain.

IN GLANCING over *The Princetonian's* criticism of '80's last LIT. we noticed a misstatement which should, in justice to George MacDonald, be corrected. The critic says: "The writer fails to notice, however, one very conspicuous defect in the work of this author, to wit, his continual, and, consequently, forced use of weird and hobgoblin agencies to heighten one's interest in his characters. There is always a banshee or perturbed spirit dogging the footsteps of hero and heroine," &c. The gentleman has either gained his knowledge of MacDonald from hearsay, or else has read only his tales for children. In the latter (as *At the Back of the North Wind*, for instance,) there does appear this "use of weird agencies;" but we can in an instant name half a

dozen novels, his very best, too, in which there is not the least sign of this "very conspicuous defect." *Robert Falconer, Sir Gibbie, Alec Forbes, Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood, A Sea-board Parish, Thomas Wingfold, St. George and St. Michael*, and several others might be mentioned as entirely disproving the gentleman's sweeping statement.

THE other day I was reading De Quincey's sketch, "The Glory of Motion." Somehow or other it did not impress me as it had done before. It was one of those spring days, when the air has the soft languor of summer, touched with the clear spiciness of autumn; and it occurred to me that while the glories of motion were all very well, there was a great deal to be said in favor of the glories of rest. I do not mean the mere negative advantages of rest; the feeling of perfect happiness that comes over a man when he lies under a big tree on the campus at the close of his last examination, and meditates joyfully upon the fact that his tired brain is to have no more work until next year. No, I mean the positive pleasure of loafing; the delight a man may find, when he is not exhausted by previous exertions, when he is in perfect condition for work—in simply doing nothing. But in order to get this enjoyment out of loafing, one must know how to do it scientifically. Picture to yourself a bright morning in early spring; so early that there is a slight suggestion of wintry chilliness lurking in the fresh breeze. Stretching completely across a narrow strip of sand beach is a huge, flat rock sloping gently down to the water, and just fitting the body in its smooth curves and hollows. The rays of the sun come down upon it, and the tall sea wall at its back shuts off the breeze and makes that *suniness* of temperature which one would expect to find in the south of France. As you lie stretched out at your ease, you can look straight off into the open ocean and half expect to see the coast of Spain rising over beyond the white sail that gleams on the far horizon. The sea is sparkling with a thousand jeweled tints, relieved here and there by an oc-

casional feathery whitecap. Turning lazily on your elbow, you gaze over the long line of low cliffs with the waves just breaking into foam upon them. The ocean is at play to-day, and, instead of the thunderous roar of its heavy swells, you hear only a gentle murmur. The smoke from your companion's briar-wood floats up in gentle curls as he puffs slowly and meditatively. You do not *see* the beauty before you, you only *feel* it. You do not think, you do not even dream. You seem to be outside of yourself, listening to the idle fancies of your mind, like one who hears a soft strain of music played at a distance.

Draw this picture for yourself, and then turn, if you can, to the consideration of the theory of Potential as applied to Electricity.

PROBABLY an unobtrusive paragraph right here will have but little effect upon the complicated machinery which controls the ins and outs of our College regulations. In many ways these are being bettered, year by year and trustee meeting by trustee meeting; but it will be long, we fear, ere we shall follow the progressive example set by Columbia with regard to the length of the summer vacation. The hope of four or five months' annual vacation is too wild to be for a moment entertained.

While, however, we despair of an extension of the "long," it may not be absolutely Utopian to dream of an alteration in the time or perhaps a lengthening of a week or so. The recent fell announcement that the mistake in the catalogue made College open ten days later than it really will, has carried grief and disappointment to every student. The days in September are usually the pleasantest in the whole summer, and it is hard, while the year is in its fullest glory, to leave gay surroundings or a pleasant home and return to plunge into study. Give us till the fifteenth, good Alma; only one little week longer in the warm weather. Then will we make up by increased zeal the loss due to your leniency.

IF THERE is one characteristic of the Collegian's style more marked than any other, it is euphuism. (*Vide Eng. Lit. Notes, Lec. 2, Third Term, Junior Year.*) It is hard to find any writing so pompous as a College oration, or so exceeding ornate as a first-rate College essay. Anywhere else, we ourselves would laugh at such productions, and think their authors insane, but here, we all fall into this absurd fashion, and write and applaud as if euphuism were the great good. Somehow this seems to be the regular characteristic of undergraduate productions, acknowledged and sanctioned by common consent. A man will go out of his way to any extent to drag into an essay some grand figure, and, alas, instead of warning, he receives encouragement. Wise men will applaud at Commencement time an oration which would seem to them ridiculous under any other circumstances.

Now these things ought not so to be. We have the encouragement of knowing that our fathers once had the same failing, and have outgrown it, and so we can hope to do the same; but why should we waste so much time and practice now? Of course we derive some benefit from our essay writing, but we also miss a great deal. How much better it would be to aim now at simple clearness and force than to spend time in cultivating a useless style that we must soon lay aside.

A COLLEGE course does not so much form specialists as undertake to give every man a broad and liberal education. The specializing may come afterwards. It is related of a very prominent and distinguished authority in political science, that while in College he studied everything alike—prepared himself to a certain extent on all topics, and gained a wide and general knowledge; but as soon as he left College this plan was completely reversed. To this double plan he attributed much of his success. This is in principle the only good plan for success in life. Too early devotion to any one branch is at the expense of symmetry, and makes narrow and prejudiced men. On the other hand, a too general plan of lifework weakens the energies

and dilutes the force which could, if concentrated, act to better advantage. The golden mean must be sought, and it is found substantially in the plan above suggested.

A very important aid to liberal culture is a wide and varied course of reading. College students generally do too little reading of the right kind, and are sorry for it afterwards. There are few who will not confess a deficiency in this respect. Whatever be the cause, it is certain that the number of well-read men in College is limited. The writer confesses his own shortcomings; indeed, it was reflecting upon them that led him to suggest the subject to others.

It is not likely that we shall ever enjoy greater facilities for reading than at College. The Library is at our disposal, our time is to some extent our own, and at our age we are receptive and assimilative; yet books are on the Library shelves to-day whose contents long since should have been made part of ourselves. A knowledge of the political history of the times is the best preparation for future experience in public life; yet to-day's papers generally pass us unread. The advances of science are chronicled in the magazines; there appear the finest thought, the best literary work of the day; but how seldom do we lay hands on a magazine.

Let us decide now to make amends for our past and present ignorance of the world of letters. The deficiency is felt; it needs but the resolve to supply it.

EDITORIAL.

THE LIT. has changed hands again; the ex-editors have made their parting bow, and it is incumbent on the incomers to write a salutatory. As is usual in such articles, we will premise that we are not going to attempt a cataclysm in the way of reform. We are not iconoclasts, and the LIT. is undoubtedly a College idol.

As such it would be impious to destroy its identity by excessive change.

In fact, but few changes for the better seem possible. '80's editors have faithfully fulfilled their promise to do their very editorial best. The LIT., as we take it under control, has just passed one of its most successful years. It has earned and gained the commendation of several exchanges that it stands at the head of College magazines; and it will perhaps be all we shall be able to do to keep it up to its present standard.

One or two alterations, however, have been decided upon. It will be our aim to do away with one objection which we have at times heard advanced—the heaviness of the literary department. Without wishing to reflect upon previous boards, there is undoubtedly room for improvement in this respect. It seems strange that the light and careless collegian should produce the ponderous essays and articles that are usually found in College magazines; and while we shall keep up an understratum of seriousness and solidity, we believe there is ample room for a more lively, interesting style of topics and treatment, and that there are men in College well able to write in that style. There is to be a prize story, for one thing, instead of one of the prize essays; and any attempts in fiction, fancy, satire, description or adventure will be gladly welcomed.

The prize essays will be given for the months of June, October, December, February and April. The October prize essay is to be a story—to use a Hibernianism. These announcements will, we hope, lead some to hatch plots during the summer. Prizes and conditions will remain as heretofore.

As to minor details, the color and quality of paper have been changed and the subscription price has been lowered as far as was felt right and necessary. Special attention is called to the advertisements, many of which are new, and represent prominent and reliable firms.

DURING its past career the LIT. has won honor for itself and for the College. For a long time the only organ for the ex-

pression of undergraduate sentiment, it was necessarily very closely identified with all the interests of Princeton students. Nor, even since the establishment of *The Princetonian* has made it more distinctively the literary publication of the College, has it allowed itself to be estranged in any way from the athletic and social interests of its subscribers, and its present board of editors do not propose to depart from this method of management. Whether in their individual or corporate capacity, they are as ready as the next man to ruin their collars and wreck their voices by perspiring enthusiasm over a two-base hit. It is true that they are compelled, by the comparative infrequency of their publication, to leave the task of defending the interests of old NASSAU against claims to hypothetical championships mainly to their younger brothers of *The Princetonian*, but they will always be ready to support its light sharp-shooting by the fire of their own slower-moving artillery.

But while the LIT. does not propose to become fossilized, neither does it intend to forget the object for which it was founded. It is distinctively the exponent of the literary feeling and ability of the College. From its pages alumni and outsiders, members of other Colleges and hesitating sub-freshmen at preparatory schools gather their impressions of the literary tone of Princeton. Here is the true field for its effort; in this light its necessity and its importance can be most clearly seen. Now, what we ask of you, our readers, is—Will you help us? Are you willing to do your best to keep the LIT. in the future where it has been in the past, in the front rank of Collegé magazines? Then write for us. No eight men in College have either the ability or the time to make the LIT. what it should be by their own unaided exertions. All they can do is to direct and superintend the work. To suppose that these eight men are the only literary men in College, that the productions of their pens are the only ones to be taken to represent the literary ability of College, is absurd; and yet how many there are who, when applied to for an article, reply, "Oh, I haven't time; you editors ought to attend to all that."

But perhaps you are willing to contribute. Perhaps, in time

past, you have sent the expectant editor away from your door smiling with delight over the promise of an article. Late at night you burned the oil, while you struggled in the agonies of composition. When the next LIT. came out, how eagerly you turned its pages to see how your article looked in print. Alas! remorseless destiny and the waste-paper basket had destroyed your cherished hopes and the offspring of your toiling brain at the same time. Perhaps this has happened several times. What is the matter? What sort of articles does the LIT. want?

Two cardinal rules are to be observed. In the first place, have something to say, and something, too, which has not had its great original beauty destroyed by having been said fifty other times under precisely the same circumstances. Let it be something of your own; not some idea you have picked out of a review and diluted until the flavor is lost in a sea of words. And, if you want to have something to say, choose a subject about which you can say something. Reflections on the Phenomenality of Matter and kindred topics are never very interesting to the average undergraduate, nor, when they arise in the mind of some Junior just getting his first glimpse of Metaphysics or Psychology, are they very valuable to the world in general. Treat subjects that you can handle. A passing thought, a fancy, some trait of character you have observed, can all be worked up into articles interesting and profitable. Some aspect of College life, or some phase of thought common to your fellow-students; a sketch of travel, or, above all things, a story. Oh, for the genius of the Arabian Nights to arise once more for the benefit of toiling LIT. editors! In default of this, however, suppose you try your hand.

In all your attempts remember the first rule: "Have something to say." The limits of a LIT. article do not admit of much intricacy of plot. Some amusing *incident*, accented by bright and natural conversation, is all that you can attempt; or some pathetic story drawn in outline; a character suggested rather than displayed—this is what we want.

But we must not forget rule number two. Not only must you "have something to say," you must also "say it," in pure,

natural, straight-forward English ; graceful, because not striving after grace ; not seeking to hide barrenness of ideas under lofty epithet and balanced rhetoric, but seeking to draw out and express the best and the worst that is in the thought. We would not decry the beauties of style, but they are like some human beauties ; those who strive after them the hardest sometimes come farthest from obtaining them.

A MOVEMENT is on foot for securing a larger attendance at the annual Hall-day orations. Formerly these orations were listened to by as large a crowd as attended any Commencement exercise. They were considered the event of the week. A procession escorted the orator to the church, there was some ceremony about the affair, and the speaker made an interesting and often rousing address. The character of the event has changed of late years. The attendance has sadly fallen off. The interesting speeches are no more, and in their stead we have a set oration. No wonder that the gentlemen who are invited by the Halls to act as orators, and who spend some time and care in preparing speeches, and in addition have to pay their own traveling expenses, feel almost insulted at the scarcity of listeners, and the inattention their efforts receive. Last year, to be sure, the oration came off an hour earlier than usual, and so was missed by those arriving on the 10:20 train. But the audience in years just preceding has not been very great.

A committee has been appointed from the Faculty and the Halls to consider the matter. One would say that it only needs to call the attention of the students to the evil, to have it remedied ; and it is probable that the increased Hall feeling, and a careful selection of a good orator will draw many. But the committee propose also to revive the formal procession and escort, and it will be their aim to see, if possible, that a different kind of oration—one more direct, present and interesting—is delivered. It rests with the students to second their efforts to secure a good attendance.

THE *Acta* has of late been interested in an attempt to organize an Inter-Collegiate Press Association. Letters have been sent to the editors of the different College periodicals, requesting their opinions as to the advisability of the plan; and the answers and editorials which were called out in response were noted in an article in the last number of the *Acta*.

It appears from a pathetic statement towards the end of the article that *The Princetonian*, the *LIT.* and some other paper have courteously refrained from taking any notice of the letters sent them by Columbia. The *Acta* need not vent its indignation upon the present Boards, at least upon that of the *LIT.*, for the first time we heard anything of the matter was in the article referred to. We suppose '80's board could not take it upon themselves to decide for us, so in the changing the letter went unanswered.

We cannot yet state what course our Board will take in regard to supporting the project. For ourselves, we are not violently enthusiastic over the plan of organizing this Association; nor would we take a decided stand against it. If the Convention should be well attended, and enough interest be felt to continue the Association from year to year, it would undoubtedly, by bringing together representatives of the different Colleges, promote a literary friendship and union which is very desirable. But we have seen something of *Amateur* Press Associations, and—they are not stable. For the first year there is peace and harmony; then the delegates fall off in number, and the rest fall out in election contests. Many feel disinclined to go a long distance to attend, and those who do attend split up into factions in the trial for office. The interest, too, is apt to die away as the novelty wears off.

We do not like to predict all these dreadful things for the Inter-Collegiate Press Association; and we hope to do our part to aid in starting it. But we fear, we very much fear, that ere many years have passed, the I. C. P. A. will have sunk into a senile decline, and be glad to lay its tottering frame in the grave where lie the bones of the I. C. L. A. and N. A. P. A.'s innumerable.

OLLA-PODRIDA.

DOINGS OF THE MONTH.

APRIL 30TH—Dr. Howson, Dean of Chester, in Chapel.....Base-ball, University *vs.* Baltimore.

MAY 1ST—Base-ball, University *vs.* Lafayette.

MAY 4TH—Senior examination in Political Economy.

MAY 5TH—Concert by the New Orleans University Singers.

MAY 6TH—Theatricals in Whig Hall.

MAY 7TH—Base-ball, University *vs.* New Athletics.....Coaching-club from New York.

MAY 8TH—Base-ball, University *vs.* Brown.

MAY 9TH—Miller, '70, preached in Chapel.

MAY 10TH—Base-ball, University *vs.* Brooklyns.....Return trip of the Coaching-club.

MAY 10TH, 11TH—Senior examination in Civil Government.....11th, Preliminary Athletic Games.

MAY 12TH—Junior Final in Metaphysics.....Yale nine in town.

MAY 13TH-20TH—Junior and Senior Finals in Geology.

MAY 15TH—Base-ball, University *vs.* Brooklyns.....Class races.

MAY 17TH-19TH—University *vs.* Brooklyns (practice games).

MAY 18TH—The Glee Club's concert at Lawrenceville.

SMALL BOY, after listening attentively to some of the J. O.'s practicing:
"What are those things barking for in there?"

NO WONDER *The Princetonian* is flourishing, when its finances are managed by such "a pretty little boy with big eyes."

THE EXPERIMENTAL SCIENCE FELLOWSHIP has been refunded, and will be competed for by '80.

"ISTE" still thinks that "the 'final cause' of the statue is to adorn the temple." Stick to it, Iste, the notes do say so.

APRIL 28TH—Preliminary Lynde Debate in Whig Hall; James M. Galbreath Pa., Henry F. Greene, Md., and James W. Parkhill, Ill., were appointed.

IT IS REPORTED that at a meeting of the Finance Committee of the Board of Trustees, May 8th, 1880, it was decided to reduce all the room rents 20 per cent. for next year.

"WHEN the growl of thunder is heard, the lightning has already struck its victim."

WE HAVE been requested to note the following *errata* in the index to the last volume of the LIT.: Instead of C. C. Vinton as author of "How a Life was Changed," read A. A. Bliss. Read C. C. Vinton as author of "Voices" on "Base-ball" and "Shakespearean Readings," instead of Janvier and Anon., respectively. For S. C. Winton, under Exchanges, read C. C. Vinton.

S. J. McPHERSON, '74, has been chosen one of the judges for the Maclean Prize, in the place of William C. Prime.

MAY 4TH—Competitive Debate in Whig Hall. First, Henry F. Greene, Md. Mentions, G. D. L. Day, N. Y.; Thomas Peebles, Pa.

MAY 6TH—Preliminary Lynde Debate in Clio Hall. Michael Dunn, N. J.; C. A. R. Janvier, India, and William M. Paden, Pa., were appointed.

"WHAT study rattles eighty-one,
And by its formulas unspun
Yanks the immortal hot cross-bun?

Physics."—*Exchange.*

THE WORKMEN on Edwards Hall have been in the habit of taking their dinner on Clio Hall steps. A Freshman innocently inquired the other day, "Do the Clions have their Hall picture taken every day?"

BASE BALL.—The University played the Baltimores on the 30th of April. The next day was cold and damp, and a strong west wind prevented heavy batting. Our nine played a good, steady game, the most brilliant play being a double-play by Horton, Winton, and Schenck.

PRINCETON.	T.	R.	B.	T. B.	P.	A.	E.	BALTIMORES	T.	R.	B.	T. B.	P.	A.	E.
Duffield, W.	3	0	0	0	1	0	0	Richmond, S.	3	0	0	0	3	1	2
Warren, S.	4	1	1	1	0	0	0	Birchall, C.	3	1	0	0	1	2	1
Hamill, W.	4	1	1	2	5	0	0	Brothers, A.	3	0	1	1	13	0	3
Vandyke, L.	4	0	1	1	0	0	0	Myers, F.	3	0	0	0	1	5	0
Cutts, C.	4	1	0	0	2	2	1	Clapp, R.	3	0	0	0	1	0	0
McCune, M.	4	1	1	1	0	0	1	Deasley, L.	3	0	0	0	2	0	0
Schenck, H.	4	1	1	1	8	2	1	Hawes, H.	3	0	1	1	3	2	2
Winton, A.	3	0	0	0	2	1	1	Smiley, B.	3	0	0	0	0	3	1
Horton, F.	3	1	0	0	0	10	0	Daly, M.	2	0	0	0	0	0	1
Totals....	33	6	5	6	24	15	4	Totals....	26	1	2	2	24	13	10

Runs earned—Princeton, 1. First base on errors—Princeton, 7; Baltimores, 2. First base on called balls—Princeton, 1; Baltimores, 1. Left on base—Princeton, 4; Baltimores, 2. Passed balls—Princeton, 0, Baltimores, 3. Struck out—Princeton, 1; Baltimores, 6. Time of game—1 hour and 45 minutes. Umpire—Mr. Brown, '81. Summary by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
PRINCETON.....	0	0	0	4	0	0	2	0—6
BALTIMORES.....	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—1

THE LAFAYETTE Nine played us a return game on May 1st. Our heavy batting, assisted by their errors, resulted in a victory, with the following score :

PRINCETON.	T.	R.	B.	T.	B.	P.	A.	E.	LAFAYETTE.	T.	R.	B.	T.	B.	P.	A.	E.
Duffield, R.,	5	4	4	5	1	0	0		Collins, F.,	4	0	0	0	1	10	2	
Warren, S.,	6	1	2	2	0	0	0		Hart, L.,	4	0	0	0	2	0	1	
Hamill, B.,	5	1	0	0	1	1	0		Farquhar, S.,	4	0	0	0	0	3	2	
Vandyke, L.,	5	2	3	3	0	0	0		Muhlenb'g, R.,	4	1	1	1	1	0	0	
Cutts, C.,	5	2	2	2	0	5	1		Myers, B.,	4	0	0	0	1	1	2	
McCune, M.,	4	1	0	0	1	0	0		Grossman, A.,	3	0	1	1	15	0	1	
Schenck, H.,	5	2	1	1	14	2	1		Patton, H.,	3	0	0	0	5	3	5	
Winton, A.,	5	1	0	0	10	0	3		Hawkins, M.,	3	0	0	0	1	0	0	
Horton, F.,	5	0	0	0	0	16	0		March, C.,	3	0	0	0	1	2	1	
Totals....	45	14	12	13	27	24	5		Totals.....	32	1	2	2	27	19	14	

1 2 3 4 5 9 7 8 9

PRINCETON..... 0 0 4 1 0 2 1 1 5-14

LAFAYETTE..... 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0-1

Time of game—2 hours and 35 minutes. Umpire—Mr. Bailey, of Lafayette.

Earned runs—Princeton, 2. First base on errors—Princeton, 8; Lafayette, 3. First base on called balls—Off Horton, 0; off Collins, 3. Left on base—Princeton, 7; Lafayette, 4. Struck out—Princeton, 5; Lafayette, 12. Wild pitches—Horton, 0; Collins, 8. Passed balls—Schenck, 2; Patton, 11.

THE NEW ATHLETICS, of Philadelphia, played our nine on May 7th, Archer doing some very effective pitching in Horton's place. Our nine batted well, but fielded carelessly.

PRINCETON.	T.	R.	B.	T.	B.	P.	A.	E.	N. ATH'TICS.	T.	R.	B.	T.	B.	P.	A.	E.
Duffield, R.,	5	0	0	0	1	0	0		Mason, A.,	5	0	0	0	10	0	0	
Warren, S.,	5	0	2	3	1	1	0		O'Brien, H.,	5	0	1	3	8	2	2	
Hamill, B.,	5	2	1	3	5	0	0		Sanders, R.,	4	0	0	0	3	0	1	
Vandyke, L.,	5	3	3	3	0	0	1		Scudder, S.,	4	0	0	0	1	4	1	
Cutts, C.,	4	2	0	0	2	2	3		Peak, B.,	4	1	0	0	1	1	1	
McCune, M.,	4	1	1	1	0	0	1		Devlin, C.,	4	0	2	2	9	1	0	
Schenck, H.,	4	2	3	3	9	6	4		Green, L.,	4	0	1	2	1	0	0	
Winton, A.,	4	0	1	3	9	1	1		Reynolds, M.,	4	1	0	0	0	1	1	
Archer, F.,	4	0	1	1	0	12	0		Slater, F.,	4	0	0	0	1	7	0	
Totals....	40	10	12	17	27	22	10		Totals.....	38	2	4	5	27	16	6	

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

PRINCETON..... 0 1 0 2 0 0 1 4 2-10

NEW ATHLETICS, 0 0 0 0 1 1 0 0 0-2

Time of game—1 hour and 40 minutes. Umpire—Mr. Horton, '80.

Earned runs—Princeton, 4; New Athletics, 0. First base on errors—Princeton, 2; New Athletics, 8. First base on called balls—Princeton, 1; New Athletics, 0. Left on base—Princeton, 4; New Athletics, 8. Struck out—Princeton, 4; New Athletics, 11. Wild Pitches—Princeton, 0; New Athletics, 1. Passed balls—Princeton, 0; New Athletics, 4.

THE FIRST GAME of the season for the College championship, was played between Princeton and Brown, May 8th. The day was extremely hot, and Brown's pitcher became very much exhausted before the end of the game. Our nine batted heavily, and played a close fielding game. McCune caught a difficult fly in centre field, and Hamill made one of his brilliant catches. For Brown, Dilts, Ladd, and J. Green did good service, the former fielding well, and doing some splendid base-running. The most brilliant play in the game was a throw of Horton's in the ninth inning, catching the runner at second.

PRINCETON.	T.	R.	B.	T.B.	P.	A.	E.	BROWN.	T.	R.	B.	T.B.	P.	A.	E.
Duffield, R...	5	2	1	1	0	0	0	Dils, S.....	3	2	0	0	2	2	0
Warren, S...	6	1	1	1	2	5	0	Meador, R...	4	0	2	3	0	0	1
Hamill, B....	5	2	2	2	3	0	1	White, A....	4	0	0	0	13	0	4
Vandyke, L...	5	1	1	1	3	0	0	S. Green, B...	4	0	0	0	1	3	1
Cutts, C.....	6	3	1	1	0	2	1	Winslow, H...	4	0	0	0	5	4	5
Schenck, H...	5	1	2	2	4	5	0	Ladd, C.....	3	0	0	0	1	5	0
McCune, M...	5	3	3	4	1	0	1	Verner, L....	3	0	0	0	1	0	2
Winton, A...	4	2	1	1	14	1	1	J. Green, P...	3	0	0	0	2	7	0
Horton, P....	5	1	3	4	0	11	0	Waterman, M	3	0	0	0	2	0	0
Totals.....	46	16	15	17	27	24	4	Totals.....	31	2	2	3	27	21	13

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

PRINCETON..... 0 1 9 4 2 1 1 0 7-16

BROWN..... 1 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0-2

Time of game—2 hours and 40 minutes. Umpire—Charles E. Mason.

Earned runs—Princeton, 5; Brown, 0. First base on errors—Princeton, 5; Brown, 3. First base on called balls—Princeton, 4; Brown, 1. Left on base—Princeton, 7; Brown, 4. Struck out—Princeton, 6; Brown, 7. Wild pitches—Princeton, 0; Brown, 1. Passed balls—Princeton, 1; Brown, 5.

THE UNIVERSITY Nine played the Brooklyn May 10th. This game was without doubt, the best of the season. Our nine played a splendid game in the field, working well together, and showing great nerve and coolness. The attendance was wretchedly small, not above forty spectators being present.

PRINCETON.	T.	R.	B.	T.B.	P.	A.	E.	BROOKLYNS.	T.	R.	B.	T.B.	P.	A.	E.
Duffield, R...	4	0	1	1	3	1	1	Hayes, C....	4	0	0	0	0	1	0
Warren, S...	4	1	1	1	0	0	2	Cramer, H...	4	0	2	2	10	2	1
Hamill, B....	4	0	0	0	1	2	0	Clinton, M...	4	0	0	0	2	0	0
Vandyke, L...	4	1	2	2	1	0	0	Schenck, S...	4	0	0	0	1	3	0
Cutts, C.....	4	1	0	0	2	1	0	Kessler, B...	3	0	1	1	2	3	0
Schenck, H...	4	0	0	0	8	3	0	Knowdell, R.	4	1	0	0	0	0	0
McCune, M...	4	0	2	2	0	0	0	Lawler, P....	3	0	0	0	0	4	1
Winton, A...	4	0	1	1	11	0	0	Morgan, L...	3	0	1	1	2	0	0
Horton, P....	4	1	1	1	11	1	1	Schaffer, A...	3	0	0	0	10	0	1
Totals.....	36	4	8	8	27	18	4	Totals.....	33	1	4	4	27	13	3

1 2 2 4 5 6 7 8 9

PRINCETON..... 1 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 2-4

BROOKLYNS..... 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0-1

Time of game—2 hours and 10 minutes. Umpire—Mr. Archer, '81.

Earned runs—Princeton, 2; Brooklyn, 0. First base on errors—Princeton, 3; Brooklyn, 3. First base on called balls—Princeton, 0; Brooklyn, 1. Left on base—Princeton, 5; Brooklyn, 5. Struck out—Princeton, 3; Brooklyn, 7. Passed balls—Princeton, 1; Brooklyn, 0.

MAY 5TH—In this game also our nine did extremely well, batting very hard, and having only a single error in the field. Archer took Horton's place and did some effective pitching, the Brooklyn getting only six base-hits.

PRINCETON.	T.	R.	B.	T.B.	P.	A.	E.	BROOKLYNS.	T.	R.	B.	T.B.	P.	A.	E.
Duffield, R...	5	2	3	5	0	0	0	Hayes, C....	4	0	0	0	2	0	1
Warren, S...	4	1	2	3	1	2	0	Cramer, H...	4	0	1	1	3	2	1
Hamill, B....	3	2	1	1	2	5	0	Clinton, M...	4	1	1	1	0	0	1
Vandyke, L...	5	1	1	1	0	0	1	Schenck, S...	4	1	2	3	1	8	1
Cutts, C.....	5	2	1	2	1	2	0	Kessler, B...	3	0	1	1	5	3	0
Schenck, H...	5	1	2	2	7	5	0	Knowdell, R.	4	0	0	0	0	0	2
McCune, M...	5	0	1	1	1	0	0	Lawler, P....	4	0	0	0	2	4	0
Winton, A...	5	2	2	3	15	0	0	Morgan, L...	3	0	1	1	4	0	1
Archer, P....	5	1	1	1	0	10	0	Schaffer, A...	3	0	0	1	10	0	1
Totals.....	42	12	14	19	27	24	1	Totals.....	33	3	6	7	27	17	8

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
PRINCETON.....	0	2	1	0	0	0	2	1	6—12
BROOKLYNS.....	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0—2

Time of game—2 hours and 36 minutes. Umpire—Mr. Ballard, '80.

Earned runs—Princeton, 7; Brooklyns, 2. First base on errors—Princeton, 3; Brooklyns, 1. First base on called balls—Princeton, 3; Brooklyns, 1. Left on base—Princeton, 6; Brooklyns, 5. Struck out—Princeton, 6; Brooklyns, 8. Passed balls—Princeton, 0; Brooklyns, 6.

MAY 11th.—The preliminary Spring Games were held at noon on the University Grounds. The attendance was very small, the several events poorly contested, and the records, with a few exceptions, very ordinary. The first event was a two-mile bicycle race, won by Field, '83, in 7:29.

2d. Pole vaulting by Tewksbury, '80, 9 ft. 2 in.

3d. One hundred-yard dash, Farr, '81, in 10½ sec.; Day, '83, second.

4th. Putting the shot, Haxall, '83, 33 ft. 7 in.

5th. Half-mile run, Osbourne, '83, in 2:19½.

6th. Quarter-mile run, Loney, '81, in 54½ sec.

7th. Running high jump, Harriman, '83, 4 ft. 11½ in.

8th. Standing broad jump, Flint, '83, 9 ft. 8½ in.

9th. Throwing the hammer, (16 lbs.,) Guilloû, '83 ft. 2 in.

AFTER their recent lecture in spelling, many of the Juniors were no doubt amused by the "occurrence" (on the bulletin board) of the subjects for the Exp. Sci. Fellowship.

PRINCETON, April 22d, 1880.

WHEREAS, Our Almighty Father, in His mysterious Providence, has been pleased to call away from us into His own blessed Presence our beloved friend and class-mate, Alfred M. Terriberry; therefore,

Resolved, That we, the class of 1882, express to his parents and family our high estimation of his character and our keen appreciation of our own loss, and sympathy with them in theirs; and,

Resolved, That, in token of our grief, we wear a badge of mourning for thirty days; and,

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his family, and also be published in *The Clinton Democrat*, *The Glen Gardner Philocrat*, *The Princetonian*, and *THE NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE*.

For the class,

HENRY CREW,

GEO. P. PIERSON,

GEO. Y. TAYLOR,

Committee.

HALL OF THE AMERICAN WHIG SOCIETY,

Princeton, May 7th, 1880.

WHEREAS, We have learned that it has pleased Almighty God to remove an honored graduate of our Society, Professor B. Wright, of the class of '59, therefore,

Resolved, That, by his death, the Society loses a faithful and brilliant

member, who, by his talents and genuine worth of character, won the love and esteem of all who knew him; and,

Resolved, That our sympathy be extended to his friends and family in their affliction, and that the Hall of the Society be draped for the period of thirty days.

In behalf of the Society,

T. D. WARREN,

W. T. VLYMEN,

JOHN WILSON,

Committee.

COLLEGE GOSSIP.

GREETINGS and promises are, we suppose, the proper thing for this interesting occasion, but we beg to be excused. The salutations to our readers will be said elsewhere, as also those to the exchanges; and, as to promises, we really couldn't think of it. Our predecessor has given us a brilliant send-off in the compliments that he showered on the new Board (he actually admitted a comparison between his own partners and ourselves); and we feel that, if we strive to deserve these, we will find enough to burden our powers, without adding any promises for the future.

One of the canons laid down when this department was started, was that base-ball and athletics in general were not to be considered the only topics fit for discussion here. We don't entirely repudiate this idea; a certain amount of attention is to be paid to that antiquated idea, that Colleges are not run solely with a view to gaining supremacy in foot-ball, base-ball, or boating; but we hold that these do make up a considerable portion of student life, and are deserving of a corresponding place in such a department as this. Accordingly we begin with Base-Ball.

Inter-Collegiate Base-Ball Association news is booming. Dartmouth is ahead—hurrah for Dartmouth—with Princeton a good second! Of a verity, Dartmouth is no longer the dark horse she was painted to be but a few short weeks ago: she is now a horse of most brilliant hues. That pet nine of hers which, as the *Niagara Index* feelingly says, has received such a rough handling from professionals, has taken out the "handling" on Harvard and Brown. Brown seems to have gone to pieces without Richmond; it is to be hoped she will not allow that variegated crowd from Amherst to get away with her. *The Amherst Student* wonders that the attendance of Amherst ladies at base-ball games is so small. How can it expect the dear æsthetic creatures to turn out to see a nine dressed in all the colors *not* of the rainbow? Why, don't you know, dear *Student*, that the great attraction for ladies in base-ball is the

handsome appearance of a nine in uniform? We don't doubt your nine's playing abilities. We remember that they have claimed for some time the proud position of third rank in the race for the College Base-Ball championship before the Association; but what do the ladies care for the fine points of the game? And let us warn you to beg, borrow, or steal some kind of uniforms for your nine before you come down here to play; for, actually, there are sometimes as many as a dozen ladies—in the really important games, a good many more—in our grand stand; and you will destroy Amherst's reputation among those who are not so ignorant as never to have heard of her, if you send down men dressed as you have described.

Outside the Association, too, strange as this may seem, base-ball flourishes. Yale, from a lofty pinnacle, looks down with disdain on the puny nines that are struggling for the empty (!) honor of the championship of the Association; and yet, for once, she descended so far as to resort to professional tricks in endeavors to get a game, by hook or by crook, from one of those same nines.

Bowdoin has a man that runs the bases in 15 seconds—best professional time being 14½ seconds. And yet such an example as that is not sufficient to brace up, in base-running, a nine that is surpassing excellent in all other requisites of good playing. We suppose, though, that little can be expected, as long as the players remain, as now, ignorant of the positions of the bases.

Cornell has met with a flinty-hearted Faculty, who still, at last accounts, refused to permit the nine to go off and play their games with other members of the New York State Base-Ball Association. Rochester was in the same fix, for a while, but the Faculty relented. Now Cornell is alone! Poor Cornell! we pity you. You have our prayers for a speedy melting of the Faculty heart.

The Northwestern University also plays base-ball. They have excellent material for a nine—who ever heard of a College that had not excellent material, generally in the rough? Accordingly, assessments for the working up of this excellent material are in order—from every man, woman and child in College, prep. school, fem. sem., Heck Hall, fifty cents. We had already written the above when we received a "Vidette" which emphasized the fact of there being excellent material for a nine. N. W. U. has beaten Racine! 23 to 12!! Errors, 31 to 41!!! Truly, there is excellent material. N. W. U. wants a cheer, and "N. W. U. O! O! O! O!" is proposed. We advise them, by all means, to take it. One person, of course, could not be expected to get it all off, but they might put "Rah! rah! rah!" before it, and divide it around. There would be about enough words to go all around College, prep. school, &c., giving each person one word, which might serve as a return for the above fifty cents assessment.

Lafayette also has material for a very strong nine, but is not at all surprised at the result of her games with us. Neither are we, if that is any comfort.

Racine, though beaten by N. W. U. in base-ball, is going into athletic sports with a vim that we're delighted to see. The authorities have arranged games—the most beautifully, scientifically, systematically arranged games—

we've seen yet. The contests are in classes, according to the ages of the contestants; for those over 18 years, for those under 18 years, for those under 15 years, for those under 12 years, and for those under 10 years. Registry in the wrong class is fatal to one's entering, age being determined by birth-day, not year of birth. Oh, they're wonderfully exact out there. Any one who goes through all the classes, from "under 10" to "over 18," must begin to look upon Racine as rather familiar to him.

Swarthmore is clear above all ridicule. They should be invited to join the Inter-Collegiate Athletic Association. They would be, undoubtedly, if the Colleges in it were animated by a true love of sport. They had some remarkable games there, the other day—23 seconds for the 220 yards; 82 ft. 2 in. for the 16-pound hammer; 4 ft. 9 in. for the standing high jump; 10 ft. $\frac{3}{4}$ in. for the standing broad; 20 ft. 1 in. for the running broad—with others in proportion. Such a record should enable Swarthmore, if she (it, I should say, being of common gender,) only belonged to the Association, to go to Mott Haven, and take the shine off all these miserable unisexual institutions.

We would like to refer to Cornell's manly independence in making all her athletes professionals, by offering money prizes in her games, and so shutting them out from future amateur contests; to the variety of sports that Harvard labors under, (*vide* Base-Ball reports,) in the shape of bicycle clubs, lawn-tennis, lacrosse, cricket, boating, base-ball, athletic games, class and University teams, and contests *ad lib.*; to the games that Michigan University is to celebrate "on the 15th ult.;" to the prevalence of the racket at Laselle and Wilson; and to the revival of base-ball interest at Oberlin, (think of it—base-ball at Oberlin!) But we have some good news to present to our readers, and we hasten.

THE Millennium is upon us. Or, no! Not "upon us." But it is evident that the happy time is on the point of dawning for some of America's numerous Colleges. There's the Western University of Pennsylvania, for instance. Would you know where and what that is? As to the where, it is situated at the junction of the Alleghany and Monongahela rivers, in the smoky metropolis of the western part of the Keystone State—*aliter*, in Pittsburgh. As to the what, it is the most advanced and enlightened institution in the United States. It may be that some relics of barbarism still cling around them; that it still occasionally happens that a student is shipped; but that, we feel sure, is rare. No! there, at last, the long-suffering, down-trodden student is left free, and the Faculty are the ones to be suspended. The Trustees found something going wrong; they disagreed with some members of the Faculty. Did they tamely submit? No! They rose in their might, and—shipped the whole Faculty. Some one has said that the people least governed is best governed—or words to that effect. Certainly the students of the W. U. of P. must have been, for a while, under the most surprisingly excellent government ever accorded to any school.

We regret to say that the wave of enlightenment has not yet reached this

vicinity. We are still so far in the depths, that we do not feel the need of having our Faculty suspended; we are not even inclined to thank the *University Quarterly* for crediting Dr. McCosh with a "defeat"—a defeat which comes as news to the presumed victors, the students. Least of all do we thank the *Quarterly* for bringing in this subject in illustration of a discourse on the temporary notoriety which the "Lexington Avenue Academy" recently gained in the "College Mercury" affair.

SOME of our Western friends are in a great fever over starting new projects. At Illinois College the daring class of '80 has resolved to inaugurate Class Day; while all the graduates, even in the "progressive" class of '79, and all the under-grads stand around and look with awe on the superhuman pluck and enterprise of these audacious fellows. The University of Cincinnati has shown so forward a spirit, that a halt and a recruiting of strength is found necessary. They have now a literary society, an art society, a paper, and a chess club! And, when they have rested a little after their exertions, we may expect to hear of foot-ball, of boating, of a gymnasium, and of a secret fraternity. We wish them good luck.

EXCHANGES.

The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them.

—MACBETH, Act I., Sc. III.

OUR friend, the Gossip, knowing that we could do it better, (not because he was lazy,) has left to us the duty of making the formal bow to a critical and exacting public. So here goes: *morituri salutamus*. If our exchanges took Puck, (none probably do, except the *Niagara Index*, the Oberlin paper, and the *Targum*,) we (plural, not magisterial or editorial,) would describe ourselves as resembling in many respects the representative of the United States army, who, in a late cartoon in that spicy paper, is standing on a solitary stump in the midst of the prairie, the target for the leveled rifles of a pack of yelling Indians. We mean no offence in the comparison. But the horrible spectacle which the former editors of these two departments presented with their battle-scarred and dust (not dirt) begrimed visages, is still vividly before our minds, and we enter our sanctum as a modern Castle Dangerous; as we seize our editorial instrument it seems more like a free lance or a sword, than a pen.

But G. (that's Gossip) and we (that's "me") have agreed to love everybody, (even the *Index*,) and never get mad, that is, — (beg pardon, that was a narrow escape.) Brother G., who is scripturally inclined, suggests as our motto, "If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men."

Yet, while we are gentle and lamb-like, we wouldn't advise any rash "ink-slinger" to "throw mud" at us.

In all seriousness, (indeed a salutatory calls for such a tone,) we took the key of the Exchange box at the post-office from the ex-Change editor with considerable self-distrust, and yet with much pleasure—in anticipation; with self-distrust, for, never having been an editor before, we were well aware how much discrimination would be needed in order to be, to our readers, the faithful reflector of College journalism elsewhere, how difficult we would find it to avoid the Scylla of continual recrimination without dashing against the Charybdis of flattery; with pleasure, because of the wide view which "Exchange Castle" gives of literary work in other institutions. Therefore, as G. and I, (we will say I this time,) are the visiting members of the board, we call in spirit on the College "sanctums" in the land, and leave our cards; R. S. V. P.

With this salute we dive into the pile of exchanges on our table, and the first one our hands light on is, in our opinion, the first in merit. We did not find a dull page in the *Yale Lit.*, and we were really sorry when we turned the last leaf. The first article, on Elihu Burritt, is written in the terse, sturdy style which its subject called for. We always had a high, though perhaps vague and unintelligent admiration for "The Learned Blacksmith;" but our admiration increased as we read such extracts as these: "As his body swung slowly up and down with the creaking bellows, the knitted brows were at work on some such problem as this: 'How many yards of cloth three feet in width, cut into strips an inch wide, and allowing half an inch for the lap, would it take to reach around the earth at the equator?' (this was *mental* arithmetic, remember,) and to the ring of the hammer his lips keep time with *λέγω, λέγεις, λέγει.*" We quote an early entry from his diary: "Tuesday, June 19—Sixty lines Hebrew; thirty pages French; ten pages Cuvier's Theory of the Earth; eight lines Syriac; ten lines Danish; ten ditto Bohemian; nine ditto Polish; fifteen names of stars; ten hours forging." Between these few short lines, in the only "eight" and "ten" lines of Syriac and Danish, etc., we can read how he redeemed the time—the spare minutes. We often sneer at the "drop by drop, sand by sand" lesson as being all talk, but here we have an inspiring actual example of a man who snatched, at intervals, time enough to master thirty languages! We noted mentally for our personal use, and we give publicly, for our subscribers' profit, the name of the book which suggested the article, and we commend it to all who love and aspire to a "nobly active life." (Life and Labors of Elihu Burritt, edited by Charles Northend, A. M.: Appleton & Co.) The characteristic of the *Yale Lit.* is their chatty "Portfolio." Any little incident, or idea, either of one's own or of an author, is jotted down and talked about in an "*in medias res*" style, which makes no introduction or peroration, but charms us by its easy, natural flow. We would suggest to those who write "Voices" that they make the "Portfolio" their model.

WITH the last received issue (May 8) of the *Brunonian* the '80 editors "lay down their pens, drop the burden off their shoulders, and willingly take

—t'would be cruel to add, and give—a rest.” Otherwise, all is quiet at the “University.”

AT CORNELL, so the *Era* tells us, the election for the new *Era* board has lately taken place amid great excitement, and the Ithacans are agitating a reform which we carried out in Princeton eighteen months ago, viz., giving the retiring board the right to nominate the incoming board on the basis of contributions, and the class the right of confirmation. We congratulate the Cornellians on their contemplating a step in the right direction; popularity don't compensate for the lack of literary ability, nor is the literary value of a paper impaired in the least because an able editor is very unpopular.

WE next perused the *Crimson*, and lo, we saw another Princeton rule urged for adoption, (not a P. R. *per se*, it only happens to be,) viz., making two weeks, with the right of renewing for two weeks more, the limit for absence of a book from the Library, instead of one month, as now. We always knew our Librarian was solid.

Still another. President Elliot has lately inaugurated receptions to the Senior and Junior classes, and the *Crimson* expresses the fond hope that these will become a permanent institution. In this favored locality there are Presidential receptions, not only for upper-classmen, but for the Sophomores and *Freshmen*. And when our brethren on the *Crimson* recollect that our President is said by those who have traveled to be better housed than any College President in the world, they will probably turn green with jealousy.

WHILE the *Advocate* has two very clever sketches and some well-turned rhymes, the only thing from its columns which our readers could appreciate second-hand, are the two following items: “Mr. Jackson, '81, was elected a member of the Philosophical Club at its last meeting.” (We always fancied we could detect a philosophical vein in the gentleman's character.) “It is rumored that Princeton is going to challenge Harvard at lawn-tennis.” How is this?

WE CLIP from the columns of the *Bowdoin Orient* the following interesting bits of news:

“The marking system is to be abolished at Columbia.” “At Amherst the Juniors recite German at 6:30 A. M.” (Moly Hoses, we hope this won't catch the General's eye; he might want to hustle us out of bed at this unearthly hour.) “The first College paper was established in 1800.” “Caps and gowns are to be worn instead of dress suits at the graduation exercises at Williams.” (N. B., '80: *verb. sup. sat.*) “Class Day and class reception are to be abolished at Ann Arbor, and a class supper will take its place.” “Yale University crew are having a boat built with a seat for the coxswain in the bow.”

The famous *Niagara Index* next claimed our attention. “Old *Niag.*, we're glad to make your acquaintance; heard about you often, but never had opportunity of seeing you before—how are you?” After going (in verse) “down among the dead men,” we were treated to a “Glimpse of History,” (the Angels at Niagara have been “glimpsing” at history in a series of articles

extending over a period of half a dozen years.) The glimpse of this number took the form of a review of Swinton's *Outlines of History*. Mr. S. has mortally offended the *Index* man by not appreciating the Middle Ages—"those grand old days of faith"—(so says the *Index*), and by representing the old Schoolmen as wasting their time and intellect in "discussing, with great interest, such questions as, 'How many angels can stand on the point of a needle?'" (We would say it depended on size of needle and of the angels.) The *Index* proceeds to "sit on" poor Swinton until there "ain't nawthin left of him." Then, in the 25th article (!) on classical studies, we are told that, although Cicero and Virgil could write Latin a little, yet they couldn't hold a candle, in this respect, to Augustine, Jerome and Tertullian. Then we stopped.

The first article in the *Hamilton Lit.*, (by a '79 man, and entitled "The Romance of Beaconsfield's Career,") is written in a vigorous cut-and-thrust manner: it would make a capital oration. We quote the following as being a fine example of a concise, bristling style, and, at the same time, as being the essence of a really splendid essay: "As we read this wonderful book, ('Vivian Gray,') the unavoidable conviction seized us that a critical analysis of Disraeli's career displays the same original elements of character as does Vivian Gray, the hero of his first novel. Vivian Gray, brilliant, satirical, adventurous, a master of the art of chicanery, an adept at trickery, of unlimited confidence in self, incredulous of others, affecting to despise the great, always their lackey, sanguine when others were despondent, reckless when wisdom advised caution, bound to succeed by fair means if he could, by foul means if he must, a mountebank in politics, with reason turned into imagination, eloquence into grandiloquence, principle into policy."

To us who can hardly get the class *immediately* below us to contribute, it is a very significant fact that the four remaining literary articles are written by '82 men, although '80 men still edit the paper. The following poem (author unknown, at least to us,) we borrow second-hand from the *Hamilton Lit.*:

"2 lovers sat beneath the shade,
And 1 una the other said,
How 14 8 that you beg
Have smiled upon this suit of mine;
If 5 a heart, it beats for you;
Thy voice is mu6 melody—
'Tis 7 to be thy loved 1, 2,
Say, O, my nymph, wilt marry me?
Then lisped she soft, 'Why, 13ly.'"

We suggest a title—"Tell me not in mournful numbers."